

# :- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

### The Professor's Proposal.

BY J. LENDRUM KING  
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A VAGUE, indefinable air of depression, quite out of keeping with the usual vivacious repartee, hung over the dinner table at which were seated Helena Rider, her son Herman, a professor in the academy, and Leonore Claymore, their guest since the sudden death of her father, a month previous. Mrs. Rider seemed to be studying the others, for her gaze wandered from one face to the other. The professor's attention seemed centered upon his cigar. Leonore played with her dessert, tasting but not eating it.

The professor cleared his throat, and for the third time during the meal asked the girl on what train she was leaving. Her answer was invariably, "Seven-fifty in the morning." The professor coughed, and, rising, went to the library to finish his cigar alone. Leonore looked up to find Mrs. Rider regarding her intently.

"Child, why don't you put off going until next week?" asked the elderly woman, laying a kindly hand on the girl's arm.

"You are so kind, Mrs. Rider," answered the girl, "and I should so like to remain with you. I don't want to go to Aunt Elmida's, but really I cannot impose upon you any longer."

The old lady patted her arm reassuringly. "This is your home as long as you want to make it such," she said. "Your mother and I were fast friends, and her daughter is my friend, too. Besides, I must confess to being a little selfish. I want you for myself. You make an old woman very happy."

Together they rose from the table to join Herman in the library. Mrs. Rider put her arm about the shoulders of the girl, drawing her close to her. Suddenly she put her lips close to her ear.

"I wish you were my daughter, child," she whispered. "I never had one. If only Herman—"

She stopped suddenly, her eyes upon the crimson face beside her. Herman switched on the lights as they entered and pulled forward a chair for his mother. They sat silent, all thinking of the one thing—that Leonore was about to leave them. She had been with them a short time, but she had brought a marked change in the home. She had brought a cheerfulness to them that hitherto mother and son had never known.

No one appreciated the change more than Herman. Most of his time he spent with his books, entering little into the social activities about him. True, he had won his reward, for he was already pointed out as a man who had achieved things in the world of letters, but in the past month he had found a new happiness wholly unconnected with his work.

What would life be like when she had gone away? He tried vainly to think of something to say, to offer some new argument, hitherto unthought of, that might induce her to remain.

The girl broke his train of thought by rising abruptly. "I have some packing to do," she said, and left the room hastily.

"I wish she would stay," she Mrs. Rider when she was out of hearing.

"So do I," seconded the professor. "Can't you induce her to remain?"

"No, she seems to think that she should go," answered his mother dolefully. "You know, her father before

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His death, arranged that she should live with her aunt, and, of course, the aunt is very anxious to have her. I have a suspicion that she means to marry her to that worthless son of hers. He is willing, if only to get the money the girl has. It would be a shame to have that happen."

He sighed deeply, but did not speak. "I wish you would marry her, Herman," she continued hesitatingly. "She is the only girl I know whom I would like to have for a daughter."

A hopeless smile flitted across the young man's face. "I would be willing, mother," he answered, "but I am not the sort of a man a girl like that marries. She is young and full of life, while I am almost an old man already, at least, in my way of living. It would be something like hitching a trotter up with a draft horse."

"You are only five years older than she is," returned the mother stoutly. "and I—I believe she would if you would ask her. She blushes when I speak of you."

"Mother! You haven't ever suggested it, have you?" he asked, with a horrified look.

"No—but I believe she would."

"I—I shouldn't know how to ask her."

"I'm going to send her down here," decided the mother suddenly. "You just ask her," and she was mounting the stairs before he could remonstrate.

## :- CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-

"The next morning, Margie," said Paula, continuing her story, "noticed of the play were more than complimentary to me. One paper's headline read: 'The queen is dead; long live the queen,' and it contrasted my youth and freshness with the riper technique but somewhat hard method of Mary Madden."

"Somehow I did not like the tone of the criticism at all. It seemed to make Mary Madden and me out as not striving for histrionic honors, but for the interest of Earnest Lawton."

"But I put that thought aside and took myself to task for harboring such evil ideas. I remembered Earnest's careless remark that he and Miss Madden had been long enough together to 'bore each other to death' and I thought that possibly they had never loved very much for each other."

"For the first time I began to experience the feelings of the 'morning after' as I read those notices, and I wondered why I had been engaged for the part of Elga in 'The One He Chose.' I was unknown. Of course, I had that College Inn episode back of me as good stuff for the publicity man, but I could only thank my lucky stars that chance had thrown me in the way of Earnest Lawton."

"Personally, Margie, I find that all good things of life—yes, and all bad things—have dropped into my lap as though spilled from Fate's fiftful fingers. What I have worked for I have never obtained. What I have longed for has often eluded me, but the things I somehow had a hunch to go and ask for have come to me almost without the slightest effort on my part."

"The stage is said to be always on the lookout for talent—but in it I have in the last few years seen some of the most talented girls set aside for mediocre young actresses who have had little experience."

"You may have youth, ambition, attractive features and a charming personality, but chance must let you display your wares. Unfortunately for the stage as well as for any untired business which an enthusiastic girl wishes to enter, the 'chance' is usually the meeting of some man who takes an interest in her personally."

"Upon my first stage appearance, I did not realize I had to give credit for my presence there to Earnest Lawton's sudden attraction for me. I thought he fell in love with me, as I did with him, at the rehearsals."

"On the 'morning after' Earnest called me up and asked if I had seen the papers, praised me and then told me a rehearsal had been called for one o'clock."

"But I thought we were through rehearsing," I said fretfully. I was tired and did not want to dress and go out."

"My dear child, did you not know that plays are not written, but rewritten? Every scene that produced a laugh last night will be nursed and two laughs gotten out of it."

"Earnest, please, don't joke. I'm horribly tired. It seems as though I must just sleep all day."

"Well, you can't," was the somewhat unfeeling answer. "You must take the bitter with the sweet. You have had lots of sweet in the newspapers this morning. Now come, baby, and take your medicine like a good child."

"And truly, Margo, it was very bitter medicine I had to take."

(To be continued.)

## FIRST GLIMPSE OF PARIS MODELS



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The correct wrap for evening is the one at the left—cherry color velvet and chiffon with Kolinsky fur trimming it. The lines will appear in many evening coat models.

The Callot sisters gowned the young person at right. The frock, for after-

noun wear, is dark blue velvet and chiffon. The bodice, which is really a basque, is embroidered in gold and blue. The beaded girdle is in the same colors. The sleeves were designed by Callot. The fur bands are dark brown martin.

"Oh, that is just what I have liked about it. It is all so quiet and homelike."

"Why do you have to go?" he questioned.

"I can't stay here all the time."

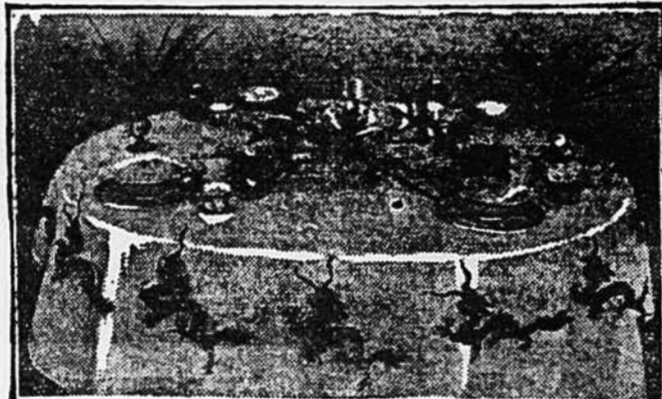
"Not if you had a reason to?"

"But I have no reason."

He felt that the case was becoming desperate. She headed him off at every start he made. He wondered what the proper procedure was. Should he get down on his knees and ask her to marry him forthwith? She wouldn't like that, he felt sure. That would be too theatrical. He might just go over and take her in his arms, but that would frighten her. Truly, it was a trying situation. He began to regret that he had never had any experience in love-making.

"Leonore, I—listen Leonore," he began again, trying to speak evenly. "I

## A HALLOWE'EN SNIP-SNAP-SNOREM.



BY BIDDY BYE.

There's a good deal of clutter about the average Halloween table. A hostess who desires something different and dainty has hit upon the delicate dragon motif of Chinese art.

The dishes are Chinese and the bunches of chop sticks are oddly suggestive of witches' brooms. The dragons may be cut from black paper, silk or muslin. The common dragon shaped candlesticks of iron could easily be added to the table without spoiling its effect. Curious porcelain grotesques, including the familiar and funny lion-dog could be used as favors or substituted for the dragon motif.

Larger decorations for the rooms of the house could be arranged most effectively with Chinese umbrellas, lanterns, kites, fans, screens and Oriental textiles.

Suggestions for a suitable menu are

contained in this list: Chop suey, eggs or fish sandwiches, mushroom pates, radish salad, chowchow, rice cakes, preserved ginger, tea, bird's nest ice cream—everything to be eaten with chop sticks, or not at all.

The invitations for a "Chinese Snip-Snap-Snozem" would be most alluring if painted in coarse black script imitating Chinese characters, especially if written backward on the card, from right to left. In such way as to be most easily read when held before the mirror.

Fan-tan could make all or part of the evening's entertainment.

Chinese furniture is the supreme elegance of the day, and Chinese costume parties promise to have a second season's popularity in American millionaire society. Those who like to follow fads can add to the interest of their Chinese frolic by requesting their guests to come appropriately garbed.

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(THE PLUMBER'S ANSWER SOUNDS REASONABLE ENOUGH.)—BY ALLMAN.



I want you to stay. We need you here, mother and I. She needs some young person with her some one to talk to and to keep her mind diverted, some one to make this a real home."

"Really, Herman, I—I can't stay any longer," she reiterated.

"But we both want you to stay," he persisted. "That gives you a right to. Mother—she would feel lonely without you. Your aunt doesn't need you. Won't you stay?"

The girl considered the question a minute in silence. "No, Herman," she said at length. "It really wouldn't be right for me to stay any longer. I couldn't live here all the time, anyway. People might talk."

"Talk," he repeated, mystified. "What for?" Then suddenly her meaning dawned upon him. "That—that is what I mean, Leonore," he said quickly. "I don't want anybody to have a right to talk."

"Why—why Herman! I don't understand you," she said, rising. "What do you—"

"I love you, Leonore. I want you to marry me," he said, grown suddenly brave, taking her in his arms. "I—I—mother wants you to marry me, too," he clinched the argument. "Will you stay now?"

"Yes," she said. "I'll marry you for your—your—mother's sake."

## HEALTH HINTS

A traveling man who was rather skeptical about Americans being a clean people kept a record of the things he saw in one day which he considered unclean and insanitary.

Here are some that he noticed: A waiter taking orders, twisting his mustache and later scratching his head, and then handling the food and dishes without washing his hands.

A waitress (in midsummer) carrying a napkin under her arm and then wiping a plate with it.

A baker put his finger to his tongue and then picked up the sheet of paper and wrapped the bread in it.

A street car conductor added a certain amount of filth to each transfer by licking his finger before peeling the clip from the book.

Women took coins from their purses and placed them in their mouth before paying their fare on a street car.

A grocer picked up a paper bag and blew into it to open it before putting in the sugar which a woman customer had just purchased. Of course, the bag was polluted with his breath when the sugar went into it.

In a restaurant where a dish of toothpicks rested on the table each diner fingered the toothpicks before taking one out.

A man buying cigars handled several in the box before deciding upon the one he wanted.

He then placed it in his mouth and then took it out with saliva to clip the end off in the common cigar cutter on the counter.

Dosses of persons coughed and sneezed while in crowds without using a handkerchief to cover their mouth or nose.

Didn't Know His Business. Mechanic: "I've gone over that car o' Smith's pretty careful, but I can't find nothin' the matter with it."

Garage Owner: "Ye can't, eh? What do ye s'pose I hired ye for?"—Judge.

## GIRLS! WOMEN! TAKE CASCARETS IF CONSTIPATED

THEY LIVE YOUR LIVER AND BOWELS AND CLEAR YOUR COMPLEXION.

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Of Crepe-de-Chine  
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The shades run in Flesh, Maize, Burgady, Citron, Black and White.

\$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.50

## MAUD'S RUN.

Mrs. M. V. Millan is visiting her daughter Mrs. Cross in Electra, Texas.

Mrs. Moore was calling on Mrs. Lee Parrish Wednesday.

Mrs. John Toothman is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Toothman.

Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Stallings are the happy parents of a baby girl.

Pete, Haught is very ill at present. Miss Snyder attended teacher's meeting Friday.

Mrs. George Butcher was calling at F. J. Jones' Thursday night.

There will be a Sunday school rally at the M. E. Church Sunday October 29.

Mrs. Harry Anderson is very sick with lumbago.

Thread of Interest. "This cook book ought to be popular." "Why so?" "There's a lot of story mixed in with the recipes."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Treat Children's Colds Externally

Don't dose delicate little stomachs with harmful internal medicines. Vick's Vapo-Rub Salve, applied externally, relieves by inhalation as a vapor and by absorption through the skin. Vick's can be used freely with perfect safety on the youngest member of the family. 50c, 60c, or \$1.00.

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